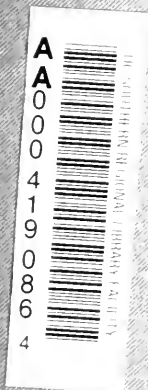


VASSAR VERSE



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VASSAR VERSE
A COLLECTION OF POEMS
FROM THE PUBLICATIONS OF
VASSAR COLLEGE. 1872-1893

EDITED BY

EDITH COLBY BANFIELD, '92. AND
SARAH ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE, '92



CAMBRIDGE
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PREFACE



THE favor that Vassar poems have won, as they have appeared in the college magazines, seems warrant for their publication in book form. The verses of this collection have been selected in the main from the Vassar Miscellany, from the time of its foundation to the present date. The exceptions are a few poems taken from the Vassarions of recent years. It is regretted that signatures could not be obtained for all of the poems. Very many of them were published anonymously, and it has not been possible to discover the writers in all cases.

The editors wish to express their appreciation of the interest that all have taken in their work, and their gratitude for the help that they have received from many friends.



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VASSAR VERSE

I.

HARK how the storm-king rages ;
The winds are mournfully crying ;
But over the trackless snow my soul
To another land is flying,
Where the poppies are waving, waving,
And the roses hang down from above, —
Away to the land of sunshine
Where is waiting the one I love.

Through the twilight she comes to meet me,
The fireflies round her glisten,
The river sweeps on with its low sweet song,
And the willows bend down to listen.
About her hovers the incense
Of the violets 'neath her feet ;
Her dreamy eyes are lifted —
Already our fingers meet.

Have I been sleeping — dreaming ?
Hark to the wild wind's crying.
Away from this land of snow and storm,
Would that I might be flying ! —
Oh, for the waving poppies
And the roses that hang from above,
Oh, for the land of sunshine
And the sight of the one I love !

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



II.

A RONDEL.



W RAPT round in a cold white cloud
The moon is dying to-night, alone.
The stars have all of them thought-
less flown ;
Tenderly, slowly, is folded her shroud,
With the softness with which the night is en-
dow'd,
And the wind is saddened into a moan.
Wrapt round in a cold white cloud
The moon is dying to-night, alone.
In the presence of Death all nature is bow'd,
The wave beats the shore in a dirge monotone,
Black Night in slow grace is ascending her
throne,
The world is to mystery pledged and vow'd.
Wrapt round in a cold white cloud
The moon is dying to-night, alone.

Maud Margaret Morris.

III.

THE MARCH WIND BLOWS.



THE March wind blows along the
shore,
And shrieks and sleeps and wakes
once more ;
And gathers all its might to rise,
And chase along the troubled skies
The frightened clouds that fly before ;
Then feigns its sudden wrath is o'er,
And knocks half gently at the door ;
And laughing mocks me as it flies ;
The March wind blows.

I dream of you, dear Eleanore,
The wee blush rosebud that you wore,
Half faded now, before me lies,
Sweet visions float across my eyes,
While loud without with angry roar,
The March wind blows.

IV.

SONG.



DEEP, deep,
In their caves below,
While the cold winds blow,
The flowers sleep,
Sleep.

There, there,
Live the fairies who guard the flowers,
And sing to them, sing thro' the cold dark
hours,
Until they dream of the sun that smiles,
Over the meadow for miles and miles ;
But ever they sleep,
Sleep.

Soft, soft,
Whisper the fairies of waving trees
That beckon the flowers with every breeze,
Of birds that nest in the boughs and call,
Call to their mates, till the flowers all
Laugh as they sleep,
Sleep.

v.



H, the world is fair, for the sun is
high,
And the clouds have fled from the
April sky,
And the river leaps on its way, and sings,
And draws new life from its mountain springs.
The robin calls from the willow tree,
“Do you hear? Do you see?”
The world is fair and joy is free,
Do you see?”

And what if the sun shall hide awhile
In his mantle of clouds? He soon will smile,
And gladden the river and wake the bird
And stoop to the earth for a whispered word,
While the robin sings in the willow tree, —
“Do you hear? Do you see?”
The world is fair and joy is free,
Do you see?”

VI.

NESTING.



CHOOSING a place for nesting,
 With just a bird's light care ;
 On barren spine, or leafy branch,
 What doth it matter where,
 So twittering love be there ?

Choosing a place for nesting ;
 Or hill or plain or hollow —
 Or north or south, or east or west,
 Ah ! little recks the swallow,
 If but his true mate follow.

Choosing a place for nesting
 This balmy witching weather ;
 Be it in lofty fragrant pine,
 Be it in lowly heather,
 Ah ! little recks she whether.

VII.

PUSSY-WILLOWS.



PUSSY-WILLOWS, shyly peeping,
Gaining courage, slyly creeping,
From their little coats looked out
To find what Nature was about.

Pussy-willows, getting bolder,
Growing strong as they grew older,
Threw their old black coats away,
Showed soft fuzzy robes of gray.

Pussy-willows, nodding brightly
As the breezes brushed them lightly,
Played at hide-and-seek all day
With the sunbeams, warm and gay.

Pussy-willows, cloudy hours,
Revelled in the April showers,
Listened to the robins' call,
Watched the sunshine steal o'er all.

Pussy-willows, gold-dust laden,
Caught the eye of passing maiden;
Interrupted in their play,
Gleefully were borne away.

Edith Colby Banfield.

VIII.

THE WATER-SPIRIT OF THE STORM.



HE Water-spirit of the Storm
I could not help but dub her,
As she passed by in mackintosh
And little hood of rubber.

No tongs had formed the merry curls
That danced upon her forehead.
She battled gaily with the winds,
And in the storm she gloried.

The raindrops fell upon her face
As on an upturned flower.
Her eyes were like two violets,
Caught in an April shower.

But ah! another joined her steps,
And all my visions faded,
For who could fancy water-sprites
By silk umbrellas shaded?

Yes, I was vexed, for I, you see,
Was just about to tell her
How very happy I should be,
If she 'd share *my* umbrella!

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

IX.

MAY-DAY GREETING.



WITHIN my door stands blithesome
 Spring
 On May-day morning.
 What gentle greeting doth she bring
 On May-day morning?
 "Come deck your heart with mirth and glee,
 Come fetter care and trip with me
 On May-day morning.

 "I do not bid you far a-field
 For May-day morning,
 Where meadows pied their cowslips yield
 For May-day morning,
 Where rippling brooklets gaily run
 And lambkins gambol 'neath the sun
 For May-day morning.

 "A sheltered garden I will show
 This May-day morning,
 A spot where blooming maidens grow
 This May-day morning,

Where rippling laughter gaily runs
And bright eyes dance like spring-tide suns
This May-day morning."

Full blithely will I heed your hest,
Sweet May-day morning.
Of all life's spring songs yours is best,
Sweet May-day morning.
For fresher, fairer, sweeter far
Than all your blossoms maidens are,
Sweet May-day morning.

Lillian La Monte.



X.



MERRY, blue-eyed laddie goes
laughing through the town,
Singing, "Hey, but the world is a
gay, gay place!"
And every little lassie smoothes her tumbled
locks a-down,
And brings out all her dimples and hides away
her frown,
And lays aside her broom and mop, the
bonnie boy to chase,
Singing, "Hey, but the world is a gay, gay
place!"

But away the blue-eyed laddie goes to seek
another town,
Singing, "Hey, but the world is a gay, gay
place!"
Then every dimple vanishes and back comes
every frown,
And every little lassie folds away her Sunday
gown,
With teardrops trickling sadly down her
woeful little face,
Sighing, "Hey, but the world is a sad, sad
place!"

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

XI.

TO AN ORIOLE.



EEK-A-BOO, peek-a-boo, here, here,"
Tempting, teasing me to play,
Sing you in the orchard near.

Summons could not be more clear ;
Unmistakably you say
" Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here."

Full of mischief, free from fear,
In a tantalizing way
Sing you in the orchard near.

Now one moment you appear,
Just a flash of orange gay, —
" Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here."

Firm resisting, I with cheer
Ply my busy task all day ;
Sing you in the orchard near.

Gladness pouring in my ear,
Through this sunny month of May,
" Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here,"
Sing you in the orchard near.

Eliza Polhemus Cobb.

XII.

ROSALIE.



VER the fields where the soft wind
blows,
Sweetest of flowers, Rosalie goes,
Ever bending, so daintily slight,
To gather the daisies golden and white.
Careless and happy she passes by
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

The grasses cling to her trailing gown : —
“ Rosalie, Rosalie dear, stoop down.
So long we have waited ! Ah, sweet, be kind,
Go not away, leaving us behind.”
But Rosalie, careless, passes them by
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Whispers the clover down at her feet,
“ The daisy has not our fragrance sweet,
See how boldly she holds her head !
Gather us, Rosalie dear, instead.”
But Rosalie, careless, passes them by,
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Rosalie's lover kneels in the grass.

"Rosalie, dearest, do not pass

Leaving my heart to wither alone.

Stoop and gather it, love, for thine own."

But Rosalie laughs and passes him by,

Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



XIII.

NIGHT-SONG.



WILL sing thee a song, my heart so
dear;
Sing thee a song that none other
can hear,
As we walk alone in the night.
When all the turmoil of day is stilled,
When the cups of the lilies with dew are filled
As they dream in the pale moonlight.
A song which the sighing night winds know,
As they rise and fall in cadence low,
Breathing a thought for words too deep.
Ah, wonderful music and wonderful song!
Which trembled in ecstasy all the night long
Till my heart and I fell asleep.

Lola Lammot Iddings.

XIV.

EBB TIDE.



SINCE now the tide is out,
 Though sunset plumes the sky with
 rosy cloud,
 Upon the bar the running breakers
 crowd

No more in merry rout,
 Along the beach are pools with opal glow,
 And sands that rival pearl-lined ocean shell;
 From out her silent heavens Peace bends low,
 And whispers, "All is well;
 The tide is out."

Left by the ebbing tide
 My stranded boat lies high upon the sands;
 There is no strength within my weary hands
 To drag it o'er this wide,
 Smooth beach, nor in my heart aught of desire
 To battle with the waves. We do not feel
 How of vain rowing eager arms can tire,
 Until alone beside our boat we kneel,
 Left by the ebbing tide.

Grace Emeline Palmer.

XV.

NOON IN AUGUST.



LONE, among the hills, in full content I lie ;
The yellow sunshine warmly wraps the languid earth ;
Near me, a hidden brook flows gently purling by ;
The daisies with each breath nod on their slender stems.

Amid the stern, dark oaks gleam out some willow trees,
Which seem as fair and soft as face of little child.
They bow and courtesy to each gently passing breeze,
Just as dear children in their pretty fancies play.

Noon steals o'er all the land — steals ling'ring slowly by ;
She stoops to hush the brook's low purl — fainter it sounds.

The drowsy hum of vagrant bees, as past they
fly,
Seems like a low-voiced lullaby to baby
flowers.



XVI.

SOLITUDE.



DEEP, dark pool with no outlet,
Around it cedars, sombre, tall,
Upon it weeds, a tangled net,
The dim, white moonlight over all.

An old canoe, a broken oar,
Decaying there upon the sands ;
Oh, who would live on this drear shore,
And not away to other lands !



XVII.

IN THE PINES.



HERE were three of us — Cupid
went with us, you know,
Dear blindfolded boy, who is never
de trop,

And the words left unsaid the soft winds whis-
pered low,

In the pines.

A small gift she gave me — though blind, it is
true,

From the way that he laughed I am sure
Cupid knew,

And the asters and golden rod, they saw it too,
And the pines.

Then the shadows grew dark in the wood's
tangled growth,

And homeward we turned in the twilight, half
loath,

And Love walked between with an arm around
both,

Through the pines.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

XVIII.

IN A WHEAT-FIELD.



LEAMING and golden the bright
day is ending,
Never again comes a moment like
this ;

See how the wheat in its beauty is bending
Under the breezes' ethereal kiss !

Seed-time is past, Love, and soon will the
reaping

All this gay beauty and gladness annul ;
Soon will its glory forever go sweeping
On to utility joyless and dull.

Look in my eyes, my Own, brimming with
laughter —

Thou art the summer wind, I am the wheat.
Dull days are left behind, dull days come after,
This moment lies between, magical, sweet.

Mary Louise Boynton.

XIX.

A LATE OCTOBER DAY.



LATE October day, the meadows
brown,
Grave memories alone of summer
tinge,
The birches, with their dead leaves rustling
down,
But round the autumn brooks a silver fringe.

Afar the gray clouds met the silent land.
Their soft caresses veiled the farthest hill,
A quiet hush, as if a blessing hand,
Extended o'er the whole, bade earth — be
still.

A silence, not of want but weight of thought,
A quiet, but the quietude of power,
A sense that one would find, if one but sought,
The truth decisive in the truth's good hour.

Along the west alone a rim of gold,
But, though all colorless, I yet could see
A picture, in the autumn's frame of cold,
Of brightness past, completion yet to be.

XX.

THE LITTLE LAKE.



NESTLED up close to the hill's brown
breast,
By bending willow and larch ca-
ressed,
Where down from the rocks the cool spring
leaps,
A tiny lake ever laughs and sleeps.

The river comes hurrying, rushing down,
"Wondrous sights have we seen in the town ;
Through gloomy forests we've softly crept,
While you, little lake, have but laughed and
slept."

The fleet stag pauses in proud disdain,
"I have beaten the storm-wind over the plain ;
On the highest crag I have proudly stepped,
While you, little lake, have but laughed and
slept."

A traveller bends o'er the waters clear,
"How narrow and small your existence here ;

I have lived and loved, I have feared and wept,
While you, little lake, have but laughed and
slept."

But the little lake answers, "A far-off gain
You are ever seeking but never attain;
In hurry and toil your life is spent,
But I love my hills and I know content."

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



XXI.

THE FIRST SNOWSTORM.

A CHILD'S POEM.



LITTLE Miss Snowflake, dressed in
white,
Came down the dusty road one night.
Her dress was as white as a piece of
chalk,
And she pranced around, but did not walk ;
For she was going to a ball that night,
And that was the reason she dressed in white.
There were fifty thousand, and many more, too,
And they looked like the children that lived in
the shoe.
They had for music, that happy night,
A little brook, that sang about flight ;
They had for chorus the rustling of leaves,
That came from the tops of the tallest trees.

Emily Eugenia Morris.

XXII.



THOUSAND times the wintry sun
Has bowed his radiant head;
A thousand times the pale white
snow

Has blushed a rosy red;
A thousand times it seems to you,
But then to me it is so new,
With sweet surprise my heart doth glow
And blushes with the sun-kissed snow.

Through crystal branches of the wood
There shines the round-eyed moon;
The brook between stern banks of ice
Gives forth a merry tune.

'T was thus, you say, in days of yore;
But I've not heard the song before,
To me 't is something new to hear
A summer song in winter drear.

Lola Lammot Iddings.

XXIII.

A VALENTINE.



IS a song of a snowflake cold and
white,
Which came to earth on a winter's
night,
And lay serene in the calm moonlight —
By the window of a lady.

'T is a song of a sunbeam bright and gay,
Which pierced the cloud of a winter's day,
To melt the snowflake where it lay
Before the eyes of the lady.

A song of a heart like the snowflake cold,
That longed in vain for a sunbeam bold
To pierce the crust and pour its gold
Into the life of the lady.

And then, there 's a song which is sweet and
true,
Of some one fair, with eyes of blue,
Who came one day and did gently woo
To warmth the heart of the lady.

Mabel Cornish.

XXIV.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.



PRINCESS sleeps in a castle strong,
Of wondrous beauty, told of in song
And fabled abroad in story.
On winter evenings oft will they tell
How she must sleep there, bound by a spell,
Till there come a knight of glory.

Nobles boasting that none but they
Could drive the spell of the sleep away,
To the castles have come in numbers.
Many a knight from a far-off land
Has kissed full gently that cold, white hand,
But ever the princess slumbers.

"She will never wake," they cry; "She is
dead!
Carved from stone is that beautiful head,
The spirit of sleep to semble."
But I know better, for watching, I
Have heard from those half-closed lips a sigh,
I have seen her eyelid tremble.

Never for me will those wondrous eyes
Be raised with a look full of glad surprise,
Or those hands held out, in waking.
I guard her couch ; I should never dare
To touch one lock of her soft, dark hair,
To keep my heart from breaking.

Sleep on, my princess ! I 'll guard thee as long
As knights and princes around thee throng,
With a heart that never winces.
And when at last shall the true knight come,
To lead thee away to his castled home,
'T will be sweet to die, my princess.
Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



XXV.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.



THOU art so like a flower,
So sweet and pure and fair,
I gaze on thee and a sadness
Steals into my heart unaware.
It seems as if over thy dear head
I must clasp my hands, and in prayer
Ask God forever to keep thee
So sweet and pure and fair.

L. Minna Ferrell.



XXVI.

THE STORY.



EARS ago, I loved a lassie,
Was as dear as life to me.
She was carried by a dragon
To his palace o'er the sea.
And the sun went out forever,
And the stars died in the strife,
All the earth grew blank and dreary,
She was gone who seemed my life !
So I went down to the seacoast,
Years and years I waited there ;
Till one bright, sunshiny morning,
Chanced to meet a mermaid fair.
" O young mermaid, golden-tressèd !
I 've a boon to ask of thee :
Make me but that bird out yonder
Flying eastward o'er the sea."
And the maid forgot her combing,
Let her hair fall to her knee ;
" Thou shalt have the boon thou askest
If thou 'lt give thy soul to me."
" Gladly, gladly, young sea-maiden,
Soul and body take in pay ;

Give me but that bird's white pinions
Quickly, quickly, no delay."
In an instant I was sailing
On white wings across the main,
All my bird's heart beating, dancing,
To see her, my love, again.
And I found her ! found her happy,
For the dragon proved a knight ;
So I died on her dear bosom,
And she kissed my pinions white.



XXVII.

"IN LIGHTER VEIN."



IN lighter vein — blue eyes and rosy
lips,
Gay songs and dances, jests and
merry quips;
No thought of the great mysteries of Pain
And Life and Death, but just a clear refrain
That in 'twixt thoughts of love and laughter
slips,
Light as the foam that from the oar-blade
drips —
Such is the measure of our careless strain,
In lighter vein.

Safe into port come all our wandering ships
From those dim lands o'er which the horizon
dips;
Our Fancy's castles prove not all in Spain;
Oh, life is fair and every path is plain,
If we but woo the muse who ever trips
In lighter vein.

Elizabeth Kemper Adams.

XXVIII.

OF COURSE.



MERRY shepherd lad was Jock,
Of course.

All day he watched his father's flock,
Of course.

He never had learned to write or spell,
But he loved his bonnie lassie well,
And she his love did not repel,
Of course.

Her hair was black as a raven's wing,
Of course.
And she like the clear-voiced lark could sing,
Of course.

Her bright black eyes were never sad,
Her face was all the wealth she had,
And so she loved her shepherd lad,
Of course!

A gallant guardsman came to town,
Of course.
He was worth full many a hundred poun',
Of course.

She fell in love with this guardsman gay,
So she jilted Jock and she ran away.
He married somebody else, they say.

Of course !

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



XXIX.

VASSAR — COLLEGE.



N institution once there was,
Of learning and of knowledge,
Which had upon its high brick front
A "Vassar Female College."

The maidens fair could not enjoy
Their bread and milk or porridge,
For graven on their forks and spoons
Was "Vassar Female College."
Tra la la la, tra la, la, la,
'T was Vassar Female College.

A strong east wind at last came by,
A wind that blew from Norwich;
It tore the "Female" from the sign
That was upon the College.
And as the Faculty progressed
In wisdom and in knowledge,
They took the "Female" off the spoons
As well as off the College.
Tra la la la, tra la, la, la,
It now is Vassar College.

Amy Louise Reed.

XXX.

TO A LITTLE EDITOR.



TIRED little editor
Came wearily to me,
Her face was full of trouble,
Her eyes drooped mournfully.

With piteous tears she begged me
To set to work and write
A — something — for her paper,
Something not too deep nor light.

Perhaps a few brief personals,
To tell the different ways
That the most distinguished Seniors
Had spent the holidays.

A little editorial
All full of sayings bright,
A review upon a novel
That she was going to write.

The poor, dear little editor!
She looked so sad that I

Could n't bear to disappoint her,
So I rashly said I'd try.

I sharpened well my pencil,
A brand new pad I bought,
I put "engaged" upon my door,
And sat me down and thought.

Alas! I found that writing
Was not within my sphere;
For though I sat for hours,
I had n't an idea.

You tired little editor!
I'm sorry to refuse,
But I sadly fear in writing
I'm of very little use.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



XXXI.

NOTES ON A PSYCHOLOGY RECITATION.



'VE thought about it,
And, ez for me,
I ain't at all,
Es fur 'z I see.

But them 't ain't
Don't have no sight,
So now I 'm in
A pooty plight.

But what 's a plight
But a ginerall mix,
And them 't ain't
Ain't in that fix.

This 'ere impression
Has gone quite deep;
I sartinly ain't,
Awake or asleep.

But how can them
'At ain't, awake,

Or be asleep,
For massy sake?

This 'ere discussion
Don't lead nowhere;
And ef it did
Th'r' ain't nothin' there.
Annie Thompson Nettleton.



XXXII.

VASSAR TO HARVARD.



OUR gay Lampoon, all life and fun,
I place beside our Miscellany,
And envy you each joke and pun —
We 're far too brainy !

We write on politics, finance, —
Ruled strictly out the smallest jibe is, —
And quote remarks of Locke's and Kant's.
We have no Ibis.

If once our Misc. a grind should print,
Ah, woe betide the poor transgressor !
While you can roast, without a stint,
Each sage professor.

We dull and serious are, by fate,
And leave to you the fun and folly.
Yet underneath our air sedate,
We 're just as jolly !

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

XXXIII.

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.



AID the maiden to her teacher,
"I 'm hero in the play,
And I 'd like to borrow from you
My — your coat, sir, if I may."

Then the teacher sighed so softly,
Thus at length he gently spoke :
"I 'm a Christian man, O maiden, —
You may also take my cloak."

Alice Crawford Brown.



XXXIV.

QUID PRO QUO.

I.



IS a modest rhyme, to a proper air,
With sentiment not o'er-laden ;
And it aims to tell of the love affair
Of a youth and a Vassar maiden, —
 To tell of
 The love
Of a youth for a Vassar maid.
His heart beat high
But he feared to speak,
Lest she should not an helpmeet prove
Industrious and meek.
So he asked her plainly,
Ere he made his moan,
How much of the housewifely art
To her was known.
“ Can you brew ? Can you bake
Good bread and cake ?
(Before my love I utter)
Can you sew a seam ?
Can you churn the cream
To make the yellow butter ?

“ What use is refraction,
 Chemical reaction,
 Biologic protoplasm,
 Psychologic microcosm ?
 Would you make my weal,
 You must cook the meal.
 Maid divine, if so, be mine,
 If not — farewell.”

II.

You at once perceive he did not believe
 In “ higher education,”
 And the maid replied, with natural pride,
 And a lack of hesitation,
 Replied
 With pride,
 To the youth who sadly sighed :
 “ I was early taught,
 Ere I took A. B.,
 To brew and bake, to sew and cook,
 Quite thriftily.
 But ere I give my answer,
 I from you must learn,
 If this I do, pray what have you
 To offer in return ?
 Can you rent the room
 Where I use the broom ?

Can you earn the household money?
Can you chop the wood
While I cook the food,
And provide the milk and honey?

“What use is refraction,
Chemical reaction,
Biologic protoplasm,
Psychologic microcosm?
Would you make my weal,
You must buy the meal.
You shake your head. You I'll not wed,
And so, — farewell.

Amy Louise Reed.



XXXV.

TO THE POINT.



OME, love, a word with you;
My wandering heart at last is caught
and caged.

I'm blunt, you see, but then the
truth will out.

I love you — Let's hang out "Engaged."

Florence Halliday.



XXXVI.



ET along, old Pegasus,
I 'm going on a flight;
I have to write a valentine
To go this very night.

It 's going to be for Emeline,
To tell her of my love;
So get along, old Pegasus,
Into the realms above.

Of course she knows I love her,
But it has to be in rhyme;
And that 's the reason, Pegasus,
I 'm taking all this time.

A few remarks about her eyes,
And one about her nose,
Then something said about my heart,
Such nonsense since she knows.

I put it down on paper, though,
Because although she knows,
I want to make it doubly sure
She knows I know she knows.

Katharine Van Dyke Harker.

XXXVII.

THE DEAR UNATTAINABLE.



IS not that it is fairer, sweet,
The rose that sways above you ;
If *you* but grew just out of reach,
Ah me, how I could love you !
Yet if I did, your fancy straight
Would turn from my pursuing,
Some other man would win your heart
Another maiden wooing.

Mary Louise Boynton.



XXXVIII.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.



T. VALENTINE, wait,
 Do wait till I read it!
 It may be my fate :
 St. Valentine, wait.

Of course I 'm sedate,
 Too sedate, far, to heed it.
 But, Valentine, wait,
 Do wait till I read it !

Ah, love-words again !
 I always resist them.
 Threats, too ! But, then,
 They 're love-words again,
 Words from his pen.
 Don't tell him I kissed them !
 Ah, love-words again !
 I always resist them.

If Jack did but know
 How he makes my heart flutter !
 It 's fluttering so.
 If Jack did but know

My foolish thoughts — Oh,
But they 're too rash to utter !
If Jack did but know
How he makes my heart flutter !

But Jack must not guess
I relent to my lover.
Hush, Valentine ! — Yes,
But Jack must not guess :
I should blush to confess,
And my heart to discover.
No, Jack must not guess
I relent to my lover !

Jeannie Clara Drake.



XXXIX.

A SONG OF DEGREES.



HERE 's a maiden wondrous wise,
Woe is Me !
And she never heeds my sighs,
Woe is Me !

For she soars and she aspires,
And of learning never tires,
But of Me.

And she longeth for degrees,
Pity Me !

A. B.'s, A. M.'s, Ph. D.'s,
Pity Me !

For ambition she will live,
Titles that the world can give,
Not for Me.

But her folly she would rue,
Even She !

If this simple truth she knew,
Even She !

Love all titles can bestow,
And Love's power she soon shall know,
Only She !

"Loved Heart's Darling," thus I spell

L. H. D.

"Light of Life, Dear," thus I tell

LL. D.

And with pious zeal I vow

"Dear Delight" is written now

Just D. D.

"My Pet" shines on civic page,

M. P.

"My Gem" glows in war's red rage

M. G.

On each doctor's sign I read

"My Dear," plain as any creed,

M. D.

L'ENVOY.

O MAIDEN ! close awhile thy book :
Behold the titles Love gives Thee :

On Love and on Love's pleading look,
Then grant, I pray Thee, Love his fee.

Lillian La Monte.

XL.



RE those brown eyes quite in earnest,
As I pass,
And they flash me a sweet message,
Little lass?

Can I trust the depth of feeling
That I see,
When your glance with cruel fleetness
Falls on me?

Then, your smile so gay and saucy,
Does it hide
The quick tremor of your sweet lips?
Is it pride?

If I cast my heart, fair maiden,
At your feet,
Will you still look as untroubled,
As discreet?

XLI.



LITTLE maid, I've lost my heart,
Canst tell me aught about it?
I lost it in the path one day, —
The path of life, a weary way, —
And be the world or grave or gay,
I'm very sad without it.

Little maid, I've found a heart,
Canst tell me aught about it?
I found it in the path one day, —
The path of life, a merry way, —
And now be skies or blue or gray,
I could not live without it.

Emelyn Battersby Hartridge.



XLII.



LITTLE Dan Cupid stole down on a
sunbeam,
To get of this old earth a peep.
He was tired of play with toy hearts
and blunt arrows,
And his good mother Love was asleep.

Little Dan Cupid rode home on the moon-
ray,
And bore to his mother as trophies of
might
Two human hearts, pierced and bleeding,
enfolded
In a bit of the gray mist that shrouded the
night.


"Ah, naughty Dan Cupid!" Love cried;
her tears falling
Were like the sweet dropping of soft April
rain;
"Knewest thou not that in all the wide heaven
No healing is found for Love's wounds or
Love's pain?"

The pitying All-Mother took to her bosom
The poor beating things by Dan Cupid
undone.
“At least, ye may bear it together,” she
murmured,
And tenderly kissed the two souls into one.
Amy Louise Reed.



XLIII.

A HUMBLE ROMANCE.

ER ways were rather frightened, and
she was n't much to see,
She was n't good at small talk or
quick at repartee;
Her gown was somewhat lacking in the
proper cut and tone,
And it was n't difficult to see she'd made it all
alone.
So the gay young men whose notice would
have filled her with delight
Paid very small attention to the little girl in
white.

He could n't talk the theatre, for he had n't
time to go,
And, though he knew that hay was high, and
butter rather low,
He could n't say the airy things that other men
rehearse,
While his waltzing was so rusty that he did n't
dare reverse.

The beauties whom he sighed for were most
frigidly polite,
So perforce he came and sat beside the little
girl in white.

She soon forgot her envy of the glittering *beau
monde*,
For their common love of horses proved a
sympathetic bond.
She told him all about the farm, and how she
came to town,
And showed the honest little heart beneath the
home-made gown.
A humble tale, you say — and yet he blesses
now the night
When first he came and sat beside the little
girl in white.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



XLIV.

HIS VALENTINE.



HE sat and tore his curly hair
By many a midnight taper,
And ruined countless dainty sheets
Of most expensive paper.

The reason, this: he wished to send
(If rhymes he could discover)

The very sweetest valentine,
Their most ambitious lover.

But all in vain. A winsome face
Seemed peeping o'er his shoulder
To stop his pen and steal his wits,
And yet how could he scold her?

His similes were dull and flat,
His rhymes grew worse each minute,
Her voice to him was all that had
A bit of music in it.

And when the dear old Saint's Day came,
Instead of missive scented,
A bit of pasteboard at the door
Was all that he presented.

But holding fast her hand in his
And bending low above her,
He boldly said, "I love you, sweet!" —
This most courageous lover.

Elizabeth Kemper Adams.

XLV.

THE TALE OF A PEGASUS

WITH A MORAL.



HAD a Pegasus, not great indeed,
 Nor swift of foot, nor highly pedi-
 greed,
 And yet a merry, willing little beast,
 And ne'er was carnival or fête or feast
 But I did ride him forth and gently spurred
 Him on to dance and caper till some word
 Of kindly, careless praise about his gait,
 His coat, his spirit, made my heart elate.
 Poor little fellow ! In my foolish pride
 Morning and noon and night I used to ride
 Until I wore him out ; he soon grew thin,
 And every foot went lame. His sides fell in,
 His ribs stood out, and when he tried to prance,
 Half-hidden laughter greeted him, or glance
 Of scornful pity, — though he did his best.
 At last I had to own he needed rest ;
 So I have turned him out, and left him free
 To end his days in peace. — But as for me,
 To serenade my love with song and lute,
 Saddened and humbled, I must go on foot.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

XLVI.

LOVE'S PRESCRIPTION.



HE was a merry little witch,
Of family most patrician,
The belle of all the watering-place :
I was a young physician.

'T was chance that brought me to her side
That day ! — I 'll ne'er forget it.
A slip, a tiny ankle sprained,
And I called in to set it.

I very soon forgot to wear
My doctor's mien imperious.
I called upon her thrice a day,
(For sprains are *often* serious).

Her merry eyes had made a wound
In my poor heart to rankle,
And so I still kept up my calls —
To ask about the ankle.

She owned one day she felt so strange,
Could I prescribe a tonic ?

She did not sleep, was oft depressed.

Oh, was it something chronic ?

She was n't like herself at all.

What made her feel so altered ? —

“ Perhaps a doctor's *constant* care ? ” —

But here I blushed and faltered.

Then growing bolder, “ Love,” I cried,

“ Can cure all youth's disorders.

She shyly said, “ I put myself

Beneath my doctor's orders.”

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.



XLVII.

BESS'S CHRISTMAS.



IN Christmas morning, little Bess
Awoke so bright and early,
A Christmas fairy must have slept
Beside her head so curly.

Her gleeful laughter bubbled out,
And in we all came flocking,
And found her hugging blissfully
A huge, misshapen stocking.

"Oh, look!" she cried, "Oh, mamma, look!
I'm sure that Santa spied it,
For see, it's grown as big as me
And *Christmas* is inside it."

At last 'mid all her wealth outspread,
She sat and gazed around her.
We mutely waited what she'd say
When she had ceased to ponder.

She glanced about with look content,
Then said with air decided,
And most emphatic nod of head,
"Well now I *am* purvided."

Winifred Arnold.

XLVIII.

A DIFFERENCE.



IN the sleigh there was only just
room for us two.

There was nobody else to forbid
it —

The music of sleigh-bells beat time to my
heart —

And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed;
the white snow

Was tinged with the sun's golden glory.

Well, — I spoke — and she gave me the mitten
point-blank!

That's the long and the short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know;

You can't know unless you have tried it.

What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten
— that's true —

But her dear little hand was inside it!

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

XLIX.

RONDEAU.



MODERN girl, we know you well,
In Life and Puck you always dwell;
A dainty form, a piquant face,
A tiny foot, a cloud of lace,
In short, a charming personnel.
On every heart you cast a spell,
Poor foolish hearts, they cannot tell,
You lead them but an idle chase,
O modern girl.
And yet (I've heard such things befell) —
Sometimes the coldest demoiselle
Will look to find in its old place
Her heart, and meet but empty space.
At such bold theft does she rebel,
O modern girl?

Elizabeth Kemper Adams.

L.

AN EXPLANATION.



YOU ask why I knelt at her feet last
night,
In a shadowy nook of the dim
lighted hall,
And why for so long in that attitude bowed?
'T was to fasten the tie of her slipper, — that 's
all.

And why should I blush when you question
me now?

Don't you think you could guess, if you really
tried?

For why should I blush, unless it 's because
'T was a love-knot that last night I tied?

L. Minna Ferrell.

LI.

MY HOUNDS.



WHEN 'neath my window's bars my
good hounds growl,
And through the darkness frantic
rushes make

At unseen foes, until the echoes wake
And lift their voices up in answering howl;
Then do I scorn the terrors of the dark,
And laugh aloud, and cry out in delight,
"No danger need I tremble at to-night —
My good hounds bark."

But when no deep-toned baying breaks the
hush,

When all the silent night, my ears I strain
To hear their watchful muttering, in vain,
And the ground quakes not with their sudden
rush,

Then shadowy forms my chamber seem to fill,
And stealthy footsteps on the stair I hear;
My heart leaps, quivering with a nameless
fear —

My hounds are still.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

LII.

GREATNESS.



THOU foolish one, to tell thyself
The universe hath need of thee ;
How proudly dost thou bid thy walls
To tumble down and set thee free !

Hast thou a scheme to mend the world ?
'Mid longings for a wider sphere,
And idle dreams of future use,
Thou dost forget the Now and Here.

Behold the hills in lonely wilds
That stand for centuries the same !
They never break their silent calm
With sudden bursts of smoke and flame.

But for the verdure of their slopes
Their wooded tops against the sky,
Where were the gentle sheep to feed ?
Where were the sunset clouds to lie ?

An atom thou, 't is thine to do
Resistlessly a humble part ;

Alone and free thou wouldst be lost,
Thy place is only where thou art.

Then cease thy foolish, fretful strife,
And think of what thy walls enclose.
Be great in all thy little acts,
Be great, if need be, in repose.

Annie Thompson Nettleton.



LIII.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.



LOUD shouted the wild mountain
torrent,
Enchanting my soul in its flight,
Still louder it sang while it beckoned
With fingers so pliant and white.
Be strong, O my heart, in this tumult,
Hark not to that voice so shrill, —
The song of the white-breasted sparrow
That whistles so loud on the hill ;
“ Time flies so wearily, wearily, wearily.”

Deep thundered the water beneath me,
Loud chanted the bird on the hill,
One moment, — I cannot resist it, —
My heart in its terror stood still,
While the restless impetuous current
Curled temptingly near to my feet,
And there rushed through my feverish being
The thought that to rest must be sweet.
O Lord, be merciful, merciful, merciful!

Look up, O my soul, to the mountain,
To that spotless and spirit-like cloud ;
Grow strong in their beautiful calmness,
Though the stream at thy side shout so loud ;
Ask not that thy heart become silent,
Nor ask that life's tumult may cease,
But lift up thine eyes to the mountain
Whence cometh God's infinite peace.
So life grows beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.

Lola Lammot Iddings.



LIV.

FAILURE.



IS sad to fail. If bird have built its
nest

On twigs too slender to sustain the
weight

'T will mourn, on seeing its unhappy fate
When some strong wind has torn it from its
rest.

The rose whose early buds an ugly pest
Has blighted, deems the summer all too late
To strive again. The moth whose change
— by fate —

Reveals but crumpled wings and ragged crest
Has naught to hope. The bird may build
again

Made wiser by mistake ; the roses bloom
But sweeter for the early loss. Alas !
The *moth* can live but once. Ah, not in vain
Is failure in a life. But what the doom
Of lives that fail ? Will any answer pass ?

LV.



LOVE is a river that would flow
Forever calm and bright ;
Dashed into spray, its misty tears
Are rainbowed into light.

Love is a jewel flashing forth
The brightness of the sun ;
Crushed, and a thousand glories shine
Where there has been but one.

Love is a never-ending song,
Taught to the soul at birth,
That it might sing of heavenly things
While waiting on the earth.



LVI.

SERENADE.



HIGH on the balcony,
See, she is kneeling,
While the faint mists of night
Round her are stealing.
Lake-lily, fold away
All your robes white,
She is more fair than you —
Queen of the night.

See how the tiny waves
Bow low before her ;
See how the winds of night
Come to adore her.
Moon, draw your veil of clouds ;
Stars, hide your light ;
She can outshine you all —
Queen of the night.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

LVII.

THE SKY'S VALENTINE.



HE heavens bent low o'er the earth
To whisper a word of love ;
For the earth was lonely below,
And the sky was longing above.
Then the heavens called to the clouds,
And bade them the message take
To the dear old waiting world,
When the morning gray should break.
"Go rest on the heart of the earth,
And say, thou art ever mine."
And the snowflakes that softly fell
Were the fond sky's Valentine.

Alice Crawford Brown.



LVIII.

TO A LADY.



YOU will not be my friend. — I know
this truth,
And my whole soul is sick with
grief and pain,
For you have never understood, dear heart,
And my sweet hopes and prayers are all in
vain.

You will not be my friend. — Yet I give you
My love and reverence for pure womanhood
Unsought and freely, and I ask of you
No grace save leave to love you as I would.

You will not be my friend. — But knowing you
Gives me a glimpse of an unwonted height,
And shows the path of purer, nobler life ;
I thank you from my heart, Priestess of
Light !

LIX.



WHY is it thus in our world, I wonder,
 Thus in our world of if's and yet's,
 That whenever love's passing two
 hearts has wakened
 One remembers but one forgets?

Why is it thus in our world, I wonder,
 Thus in our world of cares and frets,
 That whenever the jarring two hearts has
 sundered
 One remembers while one forgets?

.
 What does it matter to me, you wonder,
 The why's and wherefore's of pain? And yet
 You will scarcely pause to waste time in the
 wond'ring,
 For I remember while you forget.

Emelyn Battersby Hartridge.

LX.

SONNET FROM THE DEAD.



GAIN thou waitest, sweetheart, on
 the stair,
 One hand against the carved oak
 balustrade,
 The other with its guarding finger laid
 In playful warning on thy lips most fair,
 To mind me that I keep with jealous care
 The word thou gavest me, which straightway
 made
 A tie of sweetest import 'twixt my staid
 Unlovely self and thee. Thy dusky hair,
 Touched by a gleam from mullioned window
 high,
 Is halvèd softly round that tranquil brow
 Of white, until thou seemest a very saint
 Indeed, whose garment-hem I may not taint
 With careless breath. — The secret, sweet-
 heart, now
 That I am dead, is ours till by and by.

Jenette Barbour Perry.

LXI.

TO A PICTURE—"MEMORY."



WITH hands behind her head, and up-
turned face,
Framed in by waving hair that glim-
mers bright,
As purest gold about an opal's light;
With eyes that gaze afar, yet see no trace
Of outspread future, but the crowded space
Of sweet and bitter past; deep eyes that light
With smiles and sadden all at once,— as Night
Is full of clouds and all the moon's fair grace,—
With lips that curved in happiness, yet seem
So sad withal we could but weep, were she
Less fair, as thus she stands. And all supreme
Our own sweet crowded years roll silently
Before our eyes, and we, too, pause to dream,
Bound by the magic spell of Memory.

Leonora Howe.

LXII.

ON BODENHAUSEN'S PICTURE

"THE MADONNA AND CHILD."



HE fair young mother, standing,
clasps her child,
Fast, close in warm embrace, as if
she feared
Some stranger's hand would wrest him from
her arms,
Some sudden harm befall the sacred child
Entrusted to her care. Her wondering eyes
Dilate with brooding o'er the mysteries
She cannot understand, and deepen with
A wistful sadness and a fearful love.

The girlish mouth is tremulous and soft,
And piteous almost in its tenderness
Of love for the blessed child, still only hers.
A human mother holds within her arms
The child Divine, the Hope of all the world,
The Bringer of glad tidings and great joy.
The giver of the new commandment — love.
As yet He only loves his mother, there,

And gazes quietly on her dear face.
The purest sunlight streaming o'er the pair
Sheds the Divine approval on the Babe,
Restores, a space, the glory which was his.
But clouds are gathering, darkening, deepening,
And far upon yon hill in blackest gloom,
There stands a cross.

The mother sees it not,
But still her sadness presages the truth ;
And still the Babe in loveliness serene
Smiles calmly up into his mother's face.

Bessie Hazelton Haight.



LXIII.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.



ONE star from all eternity has hung,
The porch-light of God's house, to
be a guide
To weary angels, speeding to his side
From ministry on earth : and shines among
The lesser lights with glory that has sprung
From nearness to his presence, and the wide
White gates of Heaven, where the hosts
abide
Who chant his praise with undefilèd tongue.
But once, when Wise Men journeyed from afar
With gifts of gold and incense in their
hands,
God left the portals dark and sent his star
To guide their footsteps over desert sands,
To where, in stable, as the oxen are,
A little child lay wrapped in swaddling
bands.

Elizabeth Kemper Adams.

LXIV.

GUIDO'S MADONNA.



BEHOLD the handmaid of the Lord ! ”

Shut in

By midnight darkness, lo ! a maiden
kneels :

From out far heaven, a white light softly
steals

To touch her face, that face unmarred by sin.

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! ” Within
Her eyes are deeps of holy calm.

No warning din

Of coming troubles breaks the hush of night.

She only knows the Lord of Hosts hath said

The Lord hath bowed Him to her low
estate.

Though darkness dim her eye, in Him is light.

Upon her head his blessing hand is laid ;

Enough for her to trust in Him and wait.

Grace Emeline Palmer.

LXV.

THE POET.



SINCE the old world was young, and
Homer's song
Filled the dim ages with the sweep
and blow
Of poetry, men have not ceased to know
The power divine that makes the poet strong
To conquer the world's might of sin and
wrong:
Still women weep, and strong men's voices
grow
Full of a feeling they are loth to show,
When some great poet stirs the listening
throng.
We drag our way along life's crowded street,
On every side the old, unlovely things ;
The pulse of life beats on at fever heat,
The hot, close city air around us clings,
When lo, we stop to rest our weary feet,
For by the way a poet stands and sings.

Elizabeth Kemper Adams.

LXVI.

CHAUCER.



MAN in whom was not the power to
hate;
Whose gentle charity was glad to
find
Some sweet redeeming grace in all his kind;
Whose strong, far-reaching sympathies both
great
And small encompassed, high and low estate.
A gracious spirit that could stoop to bless
The daisy for its simple loveliness, —
Queen in his daintiest poesy enshrined;
Fair type to him of truth and purity,
Of faith and love and meek humility.
A heart that pitied where it could not love,
That every human joy and grief could move.
A soul attuned to nature's sweetest strain,
In whose far depths it lived and sang again.

LXVII.

SONNETS.

I.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809-1892.



LAUREATE poet, who hast ever
stood
For all things pure and true while
other men

Wander and stumble over moor and fen
Of unbelief, O Merlin thou, who could
But yesterday sing of the "gude greene
woode,"

And bring us all its breezy freshness when,
With thee, we dreamed the world was young
again,

And strayed with Marian and Robin Hood, —
Yesterday ours thy singing. Fainter now
And far, its echo falls upon our ears.

O mystery of death! we wait and bow
Our heads to catch the song earth never hears;
We have but little space of silence; thou,
The eternal music of eternal years.

II.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

1824-1892.

So empty now, and but a little while
Ago his very self. O Easy Chair,
We pause in wonder finding him not there,
Where only yesterday his kindly smile
Made all men welcome. Surely but a mile
Or so he wanders. See, the autumn air
Flutters the papers on his table where
He left, a moment, the unfinished pile.
Unfinished ! O poor halting word of doubt
To which the heart of man forever cleaves !
Not in the vacant study, but without,
Learn the completeness which all life achieves :
The hills are red with sunset ; round about
The flame of autumn burns along the leaves.

Elizabeth Kemper Adams.

LXVIII.



WHITE light fell on the waters blue,
The waves forgot to curl,
They stretched straight over their
boundary line,
Drawn up toward the gates of pearl.

The gates bent down, the white light blent
Earth, heaven, sea, and sky,
The crowd was still, with a half-felt awe —
God's shadow passèd by !

That pale light shed on each watcher's face
Its glory yet to be,
Each man looked up at the woman he loved,
But the women looked out to sea.

Then the sun shone out. Though the people
turned
Each one his chosen way,
Still all had been, for a moment's space,
A part of the Sabbath that day !

LXIX.

MASQUERADE.



TWO souls masked under faces met
one day ;
Beneath the masks each saw the
other's eyes.

Together from the dancing throng away
They drew, with strange, new joy and sweet
surprise.

Then, filled with longing vague and swift
unrest —

“ Unmask ! Show me thy very self ! ” —
said one.

The other wept : “ Alas, the bitter jest !

Thou knowst I may not till the dance is
done.”

Katharine Warren.

LXX.

RONDEL.



PRISONERS under Time's stern, sad
 leading,
 The old days journey beyond our
 sight,
 The happy days, when the sun was bright,
 Cannot stay, though our hearts are pleading.
 With aching feet that are cut and bleeding
 The sad days pass in the fading light.
 Prisoners under Time's stern, sad leading,
 The old days journey beyond our sight,
 Never to come though our hearts are needing
 Their hands to lead us to truth and right.
 In vain we call through the falling night ;
 Prisoners under Time's stern, sad leading,
 The old days journey beyond our sight.

Elizabeth Kemper Adams.



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